

Quote

THE WEEKLY DIGEST

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WITHIN THE WEEK

The current wave of violent crimes is an inevitable aftermath of war. There are many contributing causes, but the role of the active serviceman and the returning veteran has been much overplayed. In some degree this is a reaction to long-continued strains and stresses of conflict; in part it is a culmination of the breakdown of discipline, parental and otherwise; still another factor is the displacement of war workers and those who have lived precariously on the fringe of industrial activity.

Naturally, men who have experienced military service will get into their statistical share of trouble. There is no valid reason to assume exemption for them. But tendency is to headline fact that culprit is, or has been in our Army or Navy—and public jumps to conclusion that homecoming veterans are potential criminals.

JAPAN: Leaders are now awakening to fact that the peace for which they signed isn't going to be an easy-going matter. There was doubtless some basis in our State Dep't for their belief that "soft treatment" might follow surrender. But any illusions they may have had are being rudely dispelled.

This toughening of our terms may be an important consideration in coming to a postwar understanding with China, and with

Russia. China is to receive reparations from Japan, both in the form of industrial equipment and raw materials, chiefly silk (which will presently be exported as "Chinese silk"). Russia is the logical heritor of Japanese industry in Manchuria, which may virtually double her industrial potential in the Far East. Naturally, both nations will approve a firm policy which will minimize the possibility of any future Japanese expansion.

CHINA: The Chinese now have opportunity of a lifetime to strengthen the nat'l economy, but this can be accomplished only under a unified central gov't. We are beginning to see some evidence that Communists, under MAO TZE-TUNG, sense this fact. Indeed, with the U S and Russia backing CHIANG KAI-SHEK, the Yen'an leaders have no practical alternative but to make their peace with the Kuomintang. What appears to be gradually evolving in China has been in this country, loosely termed a "coalition" gov't. More accurately, we believe, it is destined to become a fusion, with Kuomintang emerging as the dominant gov't of all China. If this comes to pass, China will have, for 1st time in many yrs, opportunity to utilize constructively the great strength which has too often been squandered in futile civil wars.



SHIFTING SANDS

The war is over, but the spending goes on—and on. Expenditures for the current fiscal yr have been set at \$66 billion. And we trust you did not overlook that sentence in the President's message which warned that they must "continue at high levels in the fiscal yr '47." This could hardly be classed as hot news in view of the accompanying Presidential recommendations. . . . The simple truth which average Americans have not begun to comprehend is that the whole world financial structure is in a terrible tangle. No estimate of expenditures can be made until we know what will be required to stabilize foreign economies. Fantastic sums must be ladled out to Britain, China and Russia, to mention only the major claimants. The stopping of Lend-Lease was, of course, only a gesture. Credits will be continued but under a different form — the Export - Import Bank may yet loan \$10 billion.



FOR THOSE WHO WILL NOT BE MENTALLY MAROONED

Quote

"HE WHO NEVER QUOTES, IS NEVER QUOTED"

Charles Haddon Spurgeon

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"I am never afraid of the future of America. I have boundless faith in Americans taking care of themselves if they are told what to do and why."—BERNARD M BARUCH.

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"In summer we have a freer expression of all our impulses and inclinations."—Dr LENNERT W WIREN, Recorder's Court psychiatrist, Detroit, commenting on seasonal rise in divorce applications.

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"To keep soldiers and sailors in uniform a single day more than is justified by absolute necessity is nothing short of criminal."—Rep E E COX, charging Army and Navy have "bungled" the demobilization of fighting forces.

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"They are the poorest bunch of supermen I have ever seen. Hell—I wouldn't even have one for a buck sgt!"—Col BURTON ANDRUS, of Denver, head jailer of the Nazi war criminals awaiting trial at Nuremberg.

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"What hurts me is to be called treacherous and double-crossing by Americans. I have worked hard for peace. Now, in this war, I have lost everything — my reputation, my home, my only son."—SABURO KURUSU, Japanese special envoy who was discussing peace in Washington at time of Pearl Harbor attack.

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"No humane person could desire that the Japs should be forced to endure what many of our men went thru, but I know that Americans will insist that the full meaning of Japan's surrender be brought home to every subject of the Emperor."—Gen JONATHAN WAINWRIGHT, at a welcome-home rally held in his honor at Washington.

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"The consequence is that the Japs in this area are still convinced that they are a master race that had a stroke of bad luck and that they'll do better next time."—Spokesman for the Southeast Asia command, announcing that nothing really was cured by the surrender of Jap forces in that area because the Japanese armies consider themselves still undefeated.

"MAY WE

Quote

YOU ON THAT?"

"Endure the unendurable, suffer the insufferable."—RADIO TOKYO.

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"I didn't keep a diary, so no one is in any danger of my writing a book."—ELMER DAVIS, resigning his post as chief of OWI.

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"The atomic energy latent in women, if released for construction, would save the world."—Unnamed Methodist clergyman, quoted by British *New Statesman & Nation*.

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"It tasted like hot water."—JAMES SATIRA, who accidentally drank DDT, Army's magic insecticide. Physicians pumped his stomach out but he reported slight "hang-over-like feeling" next day.

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"Some safeguard to protect our interests should be taken pending the determination of policy."—Rep HATTON W SUMNERS, Chrmn of House Judiciary Committee, proposing legislature providing death penalty for divulging atomic bomb secrets to foreign powers.

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"We believe you now have a historic work to accomplish in Germany. We need your help."—A Soviet approved German committee under name of "Victims of Fascism," appealing publicly to THOMAS MANN, author, living in the U S, to return to his native Germany.

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"The terriers have got to stay at the rathole—since we didn't kill the rat." — Rear Admiral ROBERT B CARNEY, chief of staff to Adm HALSEY, who believes that the American people must be prepared to maintain close military pressure against Japan for yrs and perhaps generations to avoid future wars in the Pacific.

"I want only 2 things—to see my wife and children and to be the last casualty from any war forever."—MICHAEL F MCINERNEY, of Brooklyn, last battle casualty in Europe.

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"They surrendered without the Emperor's authority. They are not part of my household."—Comment of a Japanese woman when an American correspondent asked about her 2 sons, now held as prisoners of war.

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"I would like to make anything but a war picture."—Col JAMES STEWART, Hollywood actor, commander of an 8th Air Force combat bombing wing, expressing a hope that he will be back in movies soon.

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"The Allies should announce their war criminals lists soon so the Japanese people can consider and perhaps add some addit'l names."—Spokesman for Anti-militarist Japanese intellectuals who are drafting their own list of war criminals.

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"It is unthinkable that having waged a total and successful war against the most powerful enemies on earth we cannot implement the energies of our private economic system to win the peace at home."—HARRY L HOPKINS, on assumption of his new duties as impartial chairman of cloak and suit industry.

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"Religion is only a chronic disease of the imagination, contracted in childhood."—Mrs VASHTI MCCOLLUM, in a petition to stop religious education in Champaign, Ill, public schools. (Mrs McCOLLUM, wife of a U of Ill instructor, contends her 9-yr-old son is ostracized because of refusal to accept the teaching.)

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"This is the 1st time, thru blitz bombs, blackout, buzzbombs and rockets, that milk was not del'd, but we have been continually abused by customers who will not accept the fact that there is a milk shortage." Spokesman for several hundred London milkmen who went on 1-day strike following 20% cut in supplies because of too much back talk from angry housewives.

"If we pay a man \$25 a wk for not working, what will we have to pay to get him to work?"—Rep HAROLD KNUTSON, opposing proposed \$25-a-wk unemployment compensation measure.

"I'm waiting for the gasoline to come."—Explanation of a somewhat confused native in Burma, found with a pail between his legs, dangling a severed telephone line into it.

"The bottom has dropped out of the camel mkt."—Col W F STIRLING, British officer in Mid East, reporting that since advent of motorized vehicle camels are being sold for meat.

"We are regular Rip Van Winkles. We have a lot of catching up to do."—Spokesman for group of American servicemen, held in Japanese prison.

"I have no regrets about not finishing the test."—Gen'l JONATHAN WAINWRIGHT, describing in an NBC interview, the project he set for himself, while a prisoner of the Japanese, to find out the percentage of wins in 10,000 games of solitaire. At the time of his rescue, he had played 8,642 games and the percentage of wins, 6.8%.

"She was good for entertainment, but when GI Joe gets home, he is going to run for the girl he wants to marry and spend 24 hrs a day with."—BRADSHAW CRANDALL, creator of cover girl illustrations for leading magazines, predicting that GI Joe will gladly leave his pinup girl on the barracks wall when he returns to civilian life.

"One teacupful of the mercury atoms, exploded, would run a locomotive, pulling 120 freight cars, for 45 round trips between N Y and San Francisco."—RALPH LUCAS, chief engineer for U S Industries and Development Co, announcing that a N Y Central railroad locomotive is to be fitted with a mercury turbine employing a formula for disintegration of mercury and steel atoms, converting it to atomic power-drive.

"The day it is unsafe for an American to have a skin that isn't milky white will be the day America ceases."—ROBERT W KENNY, Att'y Gen'l of California.

"You are no longer a citizen of the U S. You are a citizen of the world."—Defense minister LEO MUNDELEER, on decorating Gen'l EISENHOWER with Belgium's highest honor.

"I want my boy to have an education; I want him to be a millionaire; I want him to be Pres of the U S. And I want just that for your boy, and for every other man's boy."—Gov ELLIS G ARNALL, of Ga.

"Right now, for instance, the biggest complaint among the UNRRA personnel is that they don't like their uniforms."—Rep FULTON, just ret'd from 2 mo's abroad, criticizing the united nations' relief and rehabilitation activities which he claims are the "laughing stock" of Europe.

"I didn't know that one could get the baseball treatment without any broken bones, but now I know it is possible."—Lt Col GREGORY ("Pappy") BOYINGTON, one of the roughest, toughest air combat leaders to come out of the Pacific war, returning home after 20 mo's in Japanese prison camps.

"I'm a lucky girl to be able to marry the man I love. So many other girls have been deprived of that happiness by the war."—LILLIAN LANGLEY, Greenville, N C, who last wk married Marine veteran, GEO McLAUGHLIN, blinded on Saipan, with the explanation: "I was in love with him, not with his eyes."

"We are temporarily leaving, but this does not mean we have been defeated. Under the leadership of the emperor, it will be necessary again to attack. We perish with the thought that the following generation of great Japan will take up the offensive in the future."—Japanese leaflets, printed in Russian, which were distributed in Manchuria.

"Family reunions will come quicker if relatives stay at home."—War Dep't spokesman, urging those related to ret'g servicemen not to rush to San Francisco or N Y in hope of early reunion.

"Tojo will live now with some of Jack's blood in him."—Mrs JOHN A ARCHINAL, on learning that her husky husband had donated the blood used for ex-Premier HIDEKI TOJO's first whole blood transfusion.

"We never got any cooperation from the Japanese gov't and it even failed to give official recognition to nazi party activities (in Nippon)."—FRANZ JOSEPH SPAHN, Germany's "little fuehrer" in Japan, complaining that the Japs were very cool toward Germans in Japan.

"Who would enter a dog or a horse in a show and wrap burlap around it? What artist would exhibit his work with drapes around it?"—ALOIS KNAPP, pres of American Sunbathing Ass'n, Inc, nat'l nudist society, criticizing directors of the "Miss America" beauty contest at Atlantic City because contestants have to wear bathing suits.



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MINING THE MAGAZINES

Killed With Kindness A Veteran's Plaint

I've been out of the Army almost 6 mo's. I still limp a bit, and sometimes my machine-gunned leg hurts like the devil. But I'm trying to make an honest living like any American citizen; and too many people are encouraging me to capitalize on my disability.

First, there's my wife. She used to expect me to do the jobs around the house a man should do. Not any more. She wants me to lie under the shade tree while she works. It hurts her, she says, to see me limp. But that doesn't make me feel like the strong sure fellow I used to be. It doesn't give me more confidence and hope.

My boss is even worse. My old job wasn't good enough from his point of view. So I'm paid a good salary, and that is nice. But I sit all day at a desk and shuffle papers; I who used to do hard, satisfying labor 10 hrs a day. Any time I don't feel like coming in, my boss assures me that I need not worry.

Oh, I appreciate kindness. I can often use a helping hand. But I think I can speak for all wounded veterans, and all ret'g servicemen when I say we don't want to be pampered. Give us a man's chance in the free world we fought for. Then just let us alone to make our own way, to work out our own salvation.

Kindness can weaken an able-bodied man if you get him to believing he's helpless and the world owes him a living. Better say, "You have an equal chance with the rest of us, bud. Be on your toes and you'll get somewhere."—Abridged from a Veteran's letter in "What's On Your Mind?" *Redbook*, 8-'45.

AIR AGE

As soon as we can get airplanes to move cargo, garden-fresh vegetables and fruits will be del'd overnight from farms to cities. . . already housewives in Cleveland and Detroit are serving vegetables on Tuesday that still were growing on Calif farms on Monday. . . I believe . . . prices of fresh produce will be no higher than those of quick-frozen products, and later will be less. . . I believe that ultimately a lb of garden produce can be shipped 2000 mi by air for 5 cts.—GLENN L. MARTIN (told to VERNON VINE), "Crops Are Going Sky-High," *Successful Farming*, 9-'45.

ALIBI—Abolished

Shortly after V-J Day a Detroit matron handed a Christmas "want" list to her husband, with the comment, "You and Santa Claus can now drop that 'after-the-war' routine. That threadbare alibi isn't going to work this yr!"

BIBLE—Interpretation

A colored sexton was asked how he liked the new Georgia pastor.

"I spects I don't like him berry much."

"And why not? I hear he is a brilliant scholar."

"Maybe. He sho is smart in some ways and then, agin, not smart. He's de greates' man I ebber know'd to take de Bible apart; but he don't know how to put it to-gedder agin."—PHILIP J. CLEVELAND, *Pulpit Digest*.

BOOKS

Publishers of the Pollyanna series, reporting that reprint sales have totaled almost a million copies in past 2 yrs, announce a new Pollyanna number designed to "reveal the gradual evolution of a new and fascinating Glad Girl, with a Pollyanna message of right living that is keyed to the needs of a new, war-wise generation."

We shall do our utmost to feel dutifully glad about this, but confess that we'd probably find the going easier if we could trade places with the publisher checking sales records.

CITIZENSHIP

I like to think that a citizen is a fellow who gets out and opens

up a sewer in the street when it is chock full of snow and ice water. . . He is a guy who puts out fires; a guy who picks up a bottle in the street, so that some strange tire won't run over it and explode. A citizen is a guy who, when he finds a serious hole in the street, calls up the ward sup't, not to complain, but merely because he has a profound respect for the street.—JAS T. MANGAN, "Are You Really a Good Citizen?" *Vagabond*, 9-'45.

CONCENTRATION

A southern sportsman once had the fastest, best-bred and keenest-nosed hound in that region. But the dog suffered from a temperamental defect that kept him from real success.

He would jump a buck and run him tirelessly for miles. When the buck was about at the point of exhaustion, the fickle hound's nostrils would catch a hint in the air where a fox had recently crossed the trail, and immediately would decide the fox ought to be a more attractive proposition. Later when he neared the fox and the chase became hot, his nose chanced to discover a rabbit—so he would start in pursuit with the inevitable result that by 4 o'clock the hound would be 30 miles from home with a chipmunk treed.

Some men, like that dog, lack a definite objective and the will to stick to it until they arrive.—CHAS E. BECKER, *Franklin Life*, hm Franklin Life Ins Co.

DIPLOMACY

Franz Liszt, no less a diplomat than a musician, had a stock reply for young ladies, particularly pretty ones, who demanded unmerited praise of their talents.

"Maestro," the young things would inquire, "do you not think I have a good voice?"

"Ah, my dear young lady," Liszt would reply, his voice ringing with enthusiasm, "good is *not* the word!"—*Your Life*.

EDUCATION

Education today, more than ever before, must see clearly the dual objectives: Educating for living and educating for making a living.—JAMES MASON WOOD.

ENTERTAINMENT

A new game now raging on the Pacific Coast involves the thinking up of appropriate place names to be used in conjunction with state abbreviations. A few samples: Goodness, Me., Deathly, Ill., Poison, Penn., Farmerine, Del. Care to contribute?

They DO Say . . .

No fewer than 9 fat fashion mag's, on heavy coated stock and rampant with color, now flourish in Paris. Yet, we hear, one of Gen'l DE GAULLE's prime complaints is that France isn't getting enough paper! . . . H ALLEN SMITH, editing *Desert Island Decameron*, spent small fortune tracking down faintly-recalled story which, it developed, was brought out by his own publisher, Doubleday-Doran . . . House of Winston, never one to let an opportunity go galla-hooting, is 1st under the tape with a *History of World War II*, out Oct 1, at \$5. . . GEO DIXON, in *Cosmopolitan*, reveals that Pres TRUMAN, now that he belongs to whole country, has forsaken his Mo background, turned to the product of a flossy N Y tailor—an audacity which no Congressman would dare to perpetrate!

ESPIONAGE

In 1940, the German secret service, in need of a spy in a certain British port, selected a young English speaking Nazi, sent him to its school where he was instructed in the technique of espionage. His last course, given privately by one Herr Linz, consisted of tips on behavior, one being to open a post office savings acc't and "accidentally" drop the bankbook before friends, as its ownership would help build his prestige.

Posing as a Belgian refugee, he was soon in the English port, ready to radio convoy information to waiting U-boats. But while preparing to transmit his 1st message, he was arrested and, puzzled, asked how he had given himself away. As his execution was certain, officials saw no harm in telling him that he and many others had been detected when they dropped their bank-

books, a signal arranged between British secret service and its agent the clever instructor in espionage Herr Linz.—*Collier's*.

GOD—and Man

A silver merchant (in China) was working over a little charcoal burner. The man had several pieces of charcoal and some metal substances. He took a simple blowtorch, sprinkled the chemical on the metal, and blew the flame towards the metal. The missionary watched him and then said, "Friend, how do you know when it is finished?"

The man replied, "When I can see my image reflected in the metal."

You and I will continue the process of worshipping God as our primary duty in this life, and in the life to come, until we reflect the image of God.—DAVID K MONTGOMERY, *Why Go to Church?* (Morehouse-Gorham)

GOVT—Debt

The war won't be won until it is paid for. I see payment of our nat'l debt as the kind of challenge we need to keep us thinking offensively. In a way, the struggle is as hard a job as the bombing of Berlin or landing on Okinawa. Except that this time the challenge is constructive, not destructive.—PAUL SCHUBERT (who thinks we can pay debt of \$300 billion in 20 yrs, keep solvent, prosperous), "Who's Going to Pay the Bill?" *Cosmopolitan*, 9:45.

INTERNATIONALISM

No man is big enough for his country until he has attained the stature that can see merit beyond its boundaries.—POWELL SPRING.

JESUS—The Man

It is unfortunate that Christians leave to unbelievers or half-believers the privilege of emphasizing the humanity of Jesus. For most of us apparently the doctrine of the Incarnation is very difficult. We are familiar with human persons, but we decline to believe in a divine person; or we can believe in a divine person, but not in a divine person who is also human.—JOHN ERSKINE, in a preface to his forthcoming book, *The Human Life of Jesus*. (Wm Morrow & Co)



CONFIDENTIALLY
THRU A
MEGAPHONE

Heavy enrollment in all colleges and universities (due in part to applications of ret'g servicemen) isn't a surprise to educators who have been trying desperately to prepare. Many institutions are leasing or buying every available bldg adjacent to campus for dormitory service. Even so, it's clear that thousands seeking higher education can't be accommodated this semester.

There's ambitious project under way to tell entire story of war on film, involving 53 chronologies, 600 reels, half-million ft. Plan is developing under Historical Film branch of Combat Films Division. . . . Sudden end of OWI leaves movie moguls wondering about war-to-peace program on which their War Activities committee was engaged when announcement came. . . . And we learn, via *Hollywood Reporter*, that OWI banned film, *Mr Smith Goes to Washington*, for foreign distribution. Reason: It doesn't show U S lawmakers in best light!

Widespread use of saccharin by housewives as sweetening agent in canning fruits is causing considerable concern amongst food authorities. While saccharin isn't dangerous, it has, of course, no food value, and it is tricky stuff to handle. Most amateurs can't realize that saccharin is 500 times sweeter than sugar—and much good food is lost as a consequence. Saccharin also imparts a bitter, undesirable taste to many foods.

We hear that a good many WACs, anticipating civilian frocks, are beginning to diet. At Ft Hamilton, we learn (via *Drew Field Echoes*), the "heavies" have organized a "Birdseed Table" where only starch-free fare is served.



LIGHTING: Fluorescent Christmas tree lights will make bow this holiday season. Bigger than ordinary tree lights, bulbs are round, designed to fit standard incandescent Christmas lighting string. White when unlighted, they take on pastel tones when illuminated.—(AP dispatch)

MERCHANDISING: Lord and Taylor is laying plans for "world of tomorrow" business in new store with rooftop landing runways and hangars for customers with airplanes, television sets flashing bargain news, doors operated by radar. In opinion of Walter Hoving, pres of Lord and Taylor, such dept's stores are only 4 or 5 yrs away.—(Capper's Wkly)

MOTION PICTURES: In Moscow's Sgintorkino studio, new type of glass screen developed which is said to give 3rd dimensional effect to ordinary motion picture images without use of stereoptican aids.

Film on glass screen engraved with more than 2,000 converging lines, is said to have depth as well as height and width. Only alteration in photography req'd on standard cameras is addition of 2 or more mirrors fitted near lenses to reflect images onto film. In projection these mirrors catch image which is then thrown on screen, where lines unscramble the images, provide clearer pictures than heretofore obtained.—(Radio Television: Jnl)

TOYS: Among Christmas toys this yr will be fluorescent paint chest complete with black light units to make colors glow in dark; small inter-communications 2-way system which can be plugged into regular lighting system.—(Electronic Laboratories)

MERCY

British Information Service says best tribute to the Americans who contributed \$40,000,000 to relief of Allied distress since Nov 1939, comes from a little London girl in a Devon nursery made possible by the British War Relief Ass'n. Each night she prays: "Thy will be done on earth as it is in Devon."—PM.

METEOROLOGY

Long-range (weather) forecasting, in one form or another, is likely to be an important by-product of global warfare. . . Canny business men already know what this will mean. They are the mail-order houses who scan weather maps and prepare to fill orders from storm-bound farmers' wives 3 days after it rains in Texas or Wisconsin; or the railway lawyers who settle claims by cold weather records after huddled sheep drift leeward in freight cars and die.

In short, they are that portion of agriculture, commerce and industry which a prewar survey by the U S Weather Bureau showed were saving more than 3 billion dollars annually by exploiting the weather to stimulate production and curb losses. A wide expansion of that silver lining is what the storm clouds of this war are offering.—JULIETTA K ARTHUR, "The Weather Business," *American Mercury*, 9-'45.

PREACHERS—Preaching

Sermons are not intended to be enjoyed. Like the parables of Christ, they are intended to instruct, to inspire, to arouse a dormant conscience, to make you uneasy about yourself. Any sermon that doesn't do that has misfired.—ROBERT E WOODS, D D.

PUNCTUALITY

Gregory Ratoff, the Russian Orson Welles, who produces, directs, acts, writes and does everything else except deliver his pictures personally to the theaters has a passion for finishing his "movies" on time. On one occasion, when production on one of his films had been halted for several days, Ratoff was asked whether he expected to be thru with the shooting on schedule.

"Of course, of course!" ex-

claimed the explosive Russian. "I said I would finish on Saturday, and I will, even if I have to keep everybody here till Monday night!"—*Milwaukee Jnl.*

RECONVERSION

We shall have undergone 2 major industrial operations: first, conversion from peace to war economy. Second, a reconversion back. No man leaves the hospital after 2 major operations and expects to file his entry for the 100-yd dash that afternoon. We are not going into a depression. We do face an interlude. Just how safe or dangerous an interlude it may be depends on the common sense of the American people.—LEWIS B SCHWELLENBACH, (Sec'y of Labor) "War or Peace on the Labor Front," *American Magazine*, 10-'45.

SEXES

Women don't talk any more about being equal to men. They want to be equal with men. Men and women aren't the same any more than justice and mercy are the same, and nobody cares very much. In a partnership with their men, women must get on with the tremendous jobs of the twentieth century that lie ahead of us all.—NORMA BIXLER, "On With the Job," *Charm*, 9-'45.

TRADITION

Gen'l Eisenhower was given the freedom of the City of London. Just what does that mean?

It means that the Gen'l has been granted 2 ancient and honorable privileges, guaranteed by ancient statute:

1. He cannot be arrested for drunkenness within the city limits.
2. If convicted of murder, he may be hanged in special robes!—*Christian Herald*.

WORRY—Needless

Many of us worry about things that won't happen. We're like the patient in a mental hospital who stood with his ear to the wall, listening intently. "Sh!" he whispered, beckoning an attendant. The attendant pressed his ear to the wall. "I can't hear anything," he reported. "No," replied the patient, "it's been like that all day!"—*Democracy in Action*.

The Crack-Up: A Study in Disillusion

When he was 23 F SCOTT FITZGERALD once wrote a classic line: "She was a fading but still lovely woman of 27." Many yrs later (in '36) when he was 40 and fading, FITZGERALD wrote a series of introspective essays for Esquire describing his physical and mental breakdown in clinical detail. They are not lovely. But they do afford a revealing peek at an interesting literary character who came to flower in the early postwar period of '19. These essays, together with sundry notes, anecdotes, letters and other odds and ends, have been gathered by the author's close associate, EDMUND WILSON, into a vol titled *The Crack-Up* (New Directions, \$3.50). FITZGERALD died in Hollywood in '41, at the age of 45.

I suddenly realized that I had prematurely cracked. My nervous reflexes were giving way—too much anger and too many tears. I had a strong sudden instinct that I must be alone. I didn't want to see any people at all.

One harassed and despairing night I packed a brief case and went off a thousand miles to think it over. I took a dollar room in a drab little town where I knew no one and sunk all the money I had with me in a stock of potted meat, crackers and apples. This wasn't any Research Magnificent—I only wanted absolute quiet to think out why I had developed a sad attitude toward sadness, a melancholy attitude toward melancholy and a tragic attitude toward tragedy—why I had become identified with the objects of my horror and compassion. . .

I came tardily to the conclusion that those who had survived some such plights as my own, had contrived a clean break with the past. So, since I could no longer fulfill the obligations that life had set for me or that I had set for myself, why not slay the empty shell who had been posturing at it for yrs? I must continue to be a writer because that was my only way of life, but I would cease any attempts to be a person—to be kind, just or generous. There were plenty of counterfeit coins that would pass instead of these. I knew where I could get them at a nickel on the dollar.

The decision gave me a sort of exuberance. As a beginning there was a whole shaft of letters to be tipped into the waste-basket when I went home, letters that wanted something for nothing—to read this man's mss, market this man's poem, speak free on the radio, indite notes of introduction, give this

interview, help with the plot of this play, with this domestic situation, perform this act of thoughtfulness or charity.

I have now at last become a writer only. The man that I persistently tried to be became such a burden that I have "cut him loose." Let the good people function as such—let the overworked doctors die in harness, with one week's "vacation" a yr that they can devote to: straightening out their family affairs. Let the soldiers be killed and enter immediately into the Valhalla of their profession. A writer need have no such ideals unless he makes them for himself, and this one has quit. The old dream of being an entire man in the Goethe-Byron-Shaw tradition has been relegated to the junk heap, along with the shoulder pads worn for one day on the Princeton freshman football field and the overseas cap never worn overseas.

So what? This is what I think now: that the natural state of the sentient adult is a qualified unhappiness. I think also that in an adult the desire to be finer in grain than you are, "a constant striving" (as those people say who gain their bread by saying it) only adds to this unhappiness. . .

I shall manage to live with the new dispensation, tho it has taken some mo's to be certain of the fact. . . I do not any longer like the postman, nor the grocer, nor the editor, nor the cousin's husband, and he in turn will come to dislike me, so that life will never be very pleasant again, and the sign *Cave Canem* is hung permanently just above my door. I will try to be a correct animal though, and if you throw me a bone with enough meat on it I may even lick your hand.



GEMS FROM

Yesteryear

Daniel Boone
CHESTER HARDING

Historians aren't agreed as to just when DAN'L. BOONE was born, but he died 125 yrs ago this wk. CHESTER HARDING, a wandering artist, was sent by St Louis admirers to paint a portrait of the old woodsman. He relates the experience in his book, *Egotistigraphy*, from which we quote. The HARDING statement that BOONE was at that time 90 yrs old is probably a mistake. The evidence indicates DANIEL BOONE died in his 85th yr.

In June of this yr, I made a trip of 100 mi to paint the portrait of old Col Daniel Boone. I had much trouble finding him. He was living some mi's from the main road, in one of the cabins of an old block-house. . .

I found the object of my search engaged in cooking his dinner. He was lying in his bunk, near the fire, and had a long strip of venison wound around his ramrod, and was busy turning it, using salt and pepper to season.

When I told Col Boone the object of my visit, he hardly knew what I meant. I explained the matter to him and he agreed to sit. He was 90 yrs old, and rather infirm; his memory of passing events was much impaired, yet he would amuse me every day with anecdotes of his earlier life. I asked him one day if he ever got lost in the woods, having no compass. "No," he said. "I can't say as ever I was lost, but I was bewildered once for 3 days."

He was much astonished at seeing the likeness. He had a very large progeny; one grand-daughter had 18 children, all at home near the old man's cabin; they were even more astonished at the picture than was the old man himself.

Geo Bernard Shaw, some yrs ago, was addressing a meeting of Socialists in London, and expressed his disgust of the slums and the huge cars than blocked the roads.

"How can such luxuries exist while a single slum remains?" he asked. "At this moment there is one of them outside this very building." He paused, then, perhaps seeing the light of battle in the eyes of his audience, added, "Before you break it up, I ought to tell you that it belongs to me."—*Ladies Home Jnl.*

" "

We know intimately a delightful small boy of 5 whose ornery diligence in proving the theory of perpetual motion has well nigh worn down his parents. Ret'g to kindergarten this spring after a tonsillectomy, he reported to his teacher that, although he had had to stay in bed for several days he was "now back in commotion again."—*Pleasures of Publishing*, hm, Columbia U Press.



OF THE WEEK

Love, of course, makes the world go round, but almost as often it makes it go lopsided.—*Salina (Kas) Jnl.*

" "

There are few gluttons when it comes to food for thought.—*Greensboro (Ga) Herald-Jnl.*

" "

A golfer has one advantage over a fisherman. He doesn't have to show anything to prove it.—*Grant Co (Wisc) News.*

" "

One of the hardest jobs of re-conversion is making a school pupil out of a vacationer.—*Pekin Banner.*

GOOD STORIES YOU CAN USE

I LAUGHED AT THIS ONE

BENNETT CERF

A publisher had his sec'y on his lap one afternoon when his wife made an unheralded appearance. The publisher gulped, but with magnificent presence of mind, said, "And take this wire: 'Atlas Furniture Company: I don't want to hear any more about war shortages.' I simply cannot continue to maintain my office with only one chair'."

A business man fell in love with a night club entertainer. To be safe he employed a detective agency to check up on her habits. He rec'd the following report:

"The young lady has an excellent reputation. Her past is without a blemish. She has many friends of high social standing. The only scandal associated with her is that she has been seen on numerous occasions of late in company with a business man of questionable character."—*Phoenix Flame*, hm Phoenix Metal Cap Co.

The aggressive wife of a meek little man was taking her husband apart one day. While she was raving at him for his utter stupidity, the doorbell rang and some friends came to visit them.

The little husband sat in dejected silence and listened to his wife and friends talk.

Suddenly, during a lull in the conversation, his wife glared across at him and shouted, "And don't sit there making fists at me in your pockets, either!"—*Voo-Doo.*

" "

A gentle lady, definitely of the old school, was persuaded by her grand-daughter to go to one of those super-glorious, full-colored, mammoth musical extravaganzas of which Hollywood is so proud. The dear soul sat thru it all without comment, and on her return, found herself regarded as something of a martyr by the rest of the family.

"Mother," her own daughter asked, "how on earth did you ever allow yourself to be talked into going to such a tasteless exhibition?"

The old lady drew herself erect. "I don't agree with you at all," she said with dignity. "It had lots of taste—all of it bad."—*The Montrealer.*

